Coming.

BY M. BENSHOFF.

MARK xiii: 35.

It may be in the evening, when the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight and watch the sinking sun
While the long bright day dies slowly over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy with thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps may come the sound of my feet:
Therefore, I tell you, watch, by the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky as the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch in your home,
It may be through the gleaming, I will come.

It may be when the midnight is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly along the sand;
When the moonless night draws closely, and the lights are out in the house.
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly beside the bed;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch in the dark room,
For it may be at midnight I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow, when the night is dying slowly in the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy, waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun, which draweth nigh.
When the mists are on the valley shading, the rivers chill,
And my morning star is fading, fading over the hill;
Behold, I say unto you, watch;
Let the door be on the latch in your home,
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and the morning I may come.

It may be in the morning, when the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly about the door.
With the long days work before you, you rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little of all that must be done;
But remember that I may be the next to come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work forever more;
As you work your heartmust watch, for the door is on the latch in your room,
And it may be in the morning I will come.

So he passed down my cottage garden by the path that leads to the sea;
Till he came to the turn of the little road, where the birch and the laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way; there I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once mose to me, as I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up his hands in blessing—then I saw his face no more,
Then I stood still in the doorway, leaning against the wall,—
Not heeding the fair white roses though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway and looking toward the sea
And wondering, and wondering when he would come back for me,
Till I was aware of an angel who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth in the light of God most high.

He passed the end of the cottage toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he had come down at the setting of the sun,
To comfort some one in the village whose dwelling was disconsolate)
And he paused before the door beside my place
And the likeness of a smile was on His face:
'Weep not,' He said 'for unto you is given to watch for the coming of his feet,
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven:' the work and watch will be very sweet
Even in an earthly home; and in such and hour as ye think not He will come.

So I am watching quietly every day,
Whenever the sun shines brightly I rise and say:
'Surely it is the shining of his face;'
And look into the gates of his high place beyond the sea,
For I know he is coming shortly to summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask, if he is come;
And the angel answered sweetly in my home:
'Only a few more shadows, and he will come.'

—SELECTED.

Science and Religion.

BY J. H. WORST.

Science is a great study. Whatever cannot be reduced to a scientific basis is distrustful. Medicine, law, politics, agriculture, theology and a hundred other professions and occupations which afford a livelihood for great armies of brain and brawn workers as well as amusement, hope, or ambition, are reaching out after a purely scientific basis. It is generally conceded that God rules the universe, and the "world of chance" is a myth of the past. Religion is only a small part of God's work, yet it is fostered and supported by its every detail. The march of centuries unfolds His designs in all the machinery of civilization, man working with man, and nation with nation, with Christianity as motor and the ripened fruit.

To study God's handiwork is to study science. Nature is often the synonym of God. Men have made mistakes, and the pioneers of thought have stumbled over the rocks of error only to catch a gleam of light. Splendid theories had to be demolished for the little truth they contained, and with new truths, better monuments were reared. The work was slow, laborious, and thankless. Ages were required to solve the simplest problem of science, but when solved the world was astounded at their simplicity.

Medicine rose above the quackery of enchantment and magic and sought cause for effect. Law discarded red tape for justice and restraint of evil doers. Penal science aims to reform instead of punish, and political science recognizes sovereignty in the people of a nation instead of in a favored son or daughter of royal lineage.

Before these self-evident truths, error is crumbling. The complex and intricate are yielding to the simple and explainable. In religion, the dogmas and creeds of the splendid past are giving way to the simple Gospel creed of the more splendid present. Never was theology so devoid of mystery and the religion of Christ so natural and adaptable as when the simple Gospel was taken as the only guide and interpreted as other literature in reference to commandments and obligations.

The beginning of the Christian era was resplendent with simplicity, purity, and popularity. The splendor of that period will never be eclipsed until with increased wisdom and experience, and with a better civilization the religious world comes back to the simple Gospel of Christ as its only and all sufficient creed. The purity or defilement of that simple creed has ever been the world's moral thermometer, and the high tide of Satan's rebellion was marked when the last human dogma was tacked to the creed before Luther, Calvin, and their class began to hurl them back into the faces of heaven's foes and earth's enemies—the priests of the church. Strange but true, the devil's acme of power was behind the sacred altar and within a priestly gown.

The process was not a difficult one. To make the world believe that the simple Gospel was *too* simple to serve so great a purpose, and to cloud it with mysteries was the work of designing men. How well they succeeded is a matter of history. How dark and impenetrable the jugle was made with which faith was hedged about is now the wonder of thoughtful men. How this rubbish has been largely cleared away, and how beautiful and simple, and adaptable to the wants of mankind is the pure word of God is the astonishment and admiration of awakend thousands. An intelligent soul disenthralled can never be shackeled again. Atheism melts before it as the dew drops melt before the rising sun. The simple teachings of Christ is a magnet which attracts the thoughtful, the refined, the cultured, the intelligent.

The medical student no longer studies the mysteries of enchantment; the student of law discards the formalities and foolishness of the remote past for the sound sense and practical justice of the present. The student of political economy studies the inherent rights of man and builds his structure according to nature instead of art, and it is time that the student of theology studies the will of God, instead of the will of man.

God works along the easiest and most natural lines so that "the wayfaring men, though fools need not err therein." The complex and inscrutable will be plain and tangible, and sensible when stripped of the commentary's mysterious suppositions. The bright morning of this consummation has dawned; thousands have pledged themselves to the old, old new creed. It is large enough, and grand enough, and old enough, to revolutionize the world. It reaches back over the billowy past—above the din and rancor of benighted ages—and salute the beginning of the Christian era. It has all the staying elements that it had when launched by the great Redeemer, and like a giant unbound, looks forward for a tremendous race. Stand! "Quit ye like men." Gird on the armor, and fling the banner to every breeze, until every doubt is dispelled and every mystery swallowed up.

Gates of Death.

BY J. B. RITTGERS.

'Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?' Job. 38: 17.

Our text is the address of Jehovah to Job. We do not intend to dwell on the occurrence which brought it forth; but the idea is that God observes all things, and that hell—the unseen world is without a covering before him. Man, whatever be his talents, or bearing, or skill, cannot penetrate the future; and without a revelation from God, all he can do is to guess what is the condition of the eternal world. With God the past, present, future, heaven, earth, hell, are easily explained; he observes all with perfect clearness and accuracy; and therefore he is well acquainted with all events which happen to men. He not only sees the moment of our birth, but he sees the hour of our departure from this earth. He witnesses our entrance into this world, and also he knows when the gates of death will swing back and usher us into one of the worlds beyond. But that dreadful moment he has concealed from us. We know not what shall be on the morrow. We cannot tell what a day will bring forth. Now let us notice a few things concerning the gates of death. Gates are boundaries of certain dominions. Death is the boundary of life; it is placed between time and eternity to separate the living from the dead. So these gates let us out of life into the solemn region of the dead; and passing through them we cease to be creatures of this world and of time, and become inhabitants of an eternal state.

Observe that gates are usually under official care. The ruling powers set them up. So the gates of death are under the control of God. He is the arbiter of life; he has the keys of death and hades; he fixes the boundaries of our existence and determines the point of our earthly existence, beyond which we shall not pass. Death is not an accident, but it is a yielding up of life to God, at his pleasure and by his authority.

Through these gates all men must pass; it is appointed unto men once to die. So in all time passed this has been exemplified, except in the instances of Enoch and Elijah. So we who are living now know that we all must sooner or later die. There is no escape from the fatal stroke, however exalted by worldly glory and magnificence, however rich, however strong, however favored by God or men—every living person must pass through the gates of death. Life is a journey toward these gates. Some go with great speed and soon reach them, others go more slowly; but all are traveling toward the terminus of human existence on earth. Observe also that through these gates none shall repass to the present world. Christ did, but he is the resurrection and life. Not so with mankind. He will remain in the region beyond after death until the second coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. If our friends are beyond we can go to them, but